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Jem

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JUNE 1961



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A Women's Guide to Movie Night



JUNE 1984
VOL. 1 No. 2

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Quinn's Best
published

James Wyle
star

John Martin
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Joseph Wyle
art director

Donna Whitcomb
director art director

Jem's PARTY LINE-UP


for this year

DRINKS + DANCES + DATES

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DIAMOND DUST



THERE are three hundred and sixty-five occasions in the year — at least — which are certain in themselves for a party without counting out a lot of such events to celebrate as the birth of James of Caesars, or the day on which that Hope graduated from grammar school. So, without so much as a glance at the previous day on which the moon is to appear, we have constituted it our Party Night, and now extend to the hour when all good men should come to the aid of this party also. Starting on page 24, you get the two words — drinks, gets, down — and the rest is up to you.

The rest of the wine is really party stuff, too. Our lead goes on strip poker; for example, we'll wager the blood of any guy who has ever peered over his cards at the possibility across the table. The auction is last, concluded in with the extent of saying that in one game of strip poker, he lost, but he won. He told the wrong cards, it seems, and he couldn't get any of the pals in the game to respond in the way he had anticipated. But even, him he lost — and shed a garment — he noticed that the most beautiful dame in the lot was looking at him more closely. Tantalized by this offer, he'd been completely arrested, and lost everything he had, that the dame has so interesting that they extended the rest of the game and went off on a date together, to the obvious annoyance of the lady who had held the better cards.

For your first hot trip through this town, we recommend you the lithograph pictures taken by our own photographer in the famous Lido nightclub in Paris. These are really some of the most beautiful and daring shots ever taken, and the fact of it is that the Lido management usually doesn't permit any of its wonders to be taken out of line. For one they made it, and you'll say it was worth it. In some you will say nothing is this downtown — which we doubt, but the pictures are pretty — check. How To Behave in A Nightclub. Generally speaking we suppose that the only real rule is not to get thrown out; but up or turned out is the club. But there are actually some minor refinements which may add to your party success. There's no music in the case of course, from a space and suppose, but we'll guarantee that these scenes will keep you singing that Jean has the sparkle for you. ★ ★ ★



the Fascinating Game of Strip Poker



*Involving a problem in which the
player may find his attention
wandering from his hand . . .*



THE difference between poker and strip poker is that in the former you can lose your shirt and in the latter you can lose your pants, in fact the objective in strip poker is to make the boys and the girls walk so close that the filings in her teeth — and the game is usually misnamed to make the loser a "tee."

Strip poker is a fascinating phase of Americana which has never received due recognition in circles of American culture. It is primarily an American game and unless you live in this country the right of women undressing excites the male. In the Far East, where interest in gambling is in a gas with breathing, a game like strip poker is unknown. In the Far East and the Near East a

woman taking off her clothes even by day would excite a Chinese or an Indian as much as a nude ball would excite in Tokyo.

Nude women are accepted as incidental in some countries the prostitutes in the public halls are women who serve the men customers. In Modern countries where a man is legally entitled to lose silver and an untold number of customers, the sight of one undressing wouldn't make an Oriental blush. Hence, strip poker is primarily an American game played by represent men and women who feel they really coming off when they see one another strip. Since their inhibition prevent them from being openly lewd they hide their inhibition in a "party" or "spouting" spirit.

There is something without shedding boards, poker played

The Fascinating Game of Strip Poker



for money is America's most popular indoor sport. Strip poker, my reliably remembered distant first appeared in the rapidly created 1930s when the glimmers of its adult roots were less than marbled. The game did not become really popular until after the first World War and the American Twenties. In that era when almost everything went, it went too, and its popularity rating has climbed steadily ever since.

It is a game for the young in spirit if not in years, but after the fashion is out of poker art, there have been no reports which I have been able to find after diligent inquiries, that the game was ever played by the old. Apparently when you get old you lose to talent in the subject — and the game.

Authorities think it very doubtful that strip poker leads to juvenile delinquency, though it has been known to lead to considerable delinquency. It is not a game in which players become addicted such as games where the bets are for money. It is an occasional game, usually suggested on the spot of the moment in a group of people friends. It is never played with more than seven or eight players — and then the game must be shut. If there were more players the game would lose its delicate sense of privacy. It is also hardly ever played with four or fewer persons for then it becomes nothing more than a game because of seeing who makes the other take his or her clothes off before proceeding to more interesting activities.

The discovery that a woman watching is more exciting than a woman nude helped bring the game to its present high standing in America's cultural picture, though continuous of shadowy demand and unknown have known it for centuries. The best way to play the game, at various ages, is to guess the way with a few close of 100 good liquids. A standing appreciation of men and women gambling for one another's clothes after develops.

The biggest number of victims of this sport are college students at weekend parties, or often workmen and groups of friends who meet for a party. It is very easily organized especially in a game of strip poker, then later sport is even usually in the bright suggestion of some enthusiastic. Like some and slightly drunk guests and as quite often received with shaking enthusiasm by the ladies and a grinning dancing and better's look by the men.

Persons who know full well what they are doing let their hair down after a few drinks and those knowing the taboos on liquor. They never know it is not the liquor, I have personally observed. They want to exhibit their bodies like very animal who is trying to attract the opposite sex but there are accepted standards does not permit to open an approach, the road takes to that of a sporting game. Instead of gambling for money the play is for clothing and as the players get to the clothing more comes to the skin, the greater the excitement and

the lobby. Both were unexcused. The male went to see the girl dropped and the girl went to subsidize her claims and fears — especially if she has a well built one and they can do that under the guise of 'sportsmen'.

There are a few rules to this game which the host or hostess usually abides by and which are slightly different from the rules used in poker played for money in a game of poker played for money, cheating is rather possible, but cheating in a strip poker game is not only prevented but is actually done quite openly. The players know the dealer is cheating and accept it as part of the fun, and the cheating is usually done by a well heeled (and not heeled) dealer who feels that a girl has descended to the point where she is embarrassed, even with drinks and the air of sportsmen. The dealer therefore deliberately spurs her from losing her loss or passes. This is done by refusing to deal her a card which would

obviously make her lose. To the generous laughter of the players the card is handed to someone else and she is given a more suitable card.

In an even way strip poker is a game of longrange played by a small group. I was present one evening at what was my first game and, which I subsequently found was quite typical. I had heard of strip poker, had guessed and chuckled at stories about it but I had never seen one. I had watched the point where I believed it was a game people talked about but never played.

There were nine persons present that evening—a quiet enough social gathering at a teacher's house in a college town. There was big dumb talk about art, pictures and philosophy and if it had not been for the excellent liquor the evening would have been a big bore to me, at least I was tempted to leave but before the evening was over I was glad I did not follow my inclination. The affair



turned into an evening and certainly different party.

After the fourth or fifth round of drinks someone let get the long haired stuff long enough to tell a really heavy off color story which I regret cannot be told as a suggestion of general cynicism. The story was told with a few one of four letter words usually found chalked on sidewalks in towns. The story was received with appreciative laughter and the switch from heavy talk to off-color stories was made without any painful transition. Everyone watched highly spaced away tales. One guest told of a game of strip poker during a Communist work out

and detailed an evening incident of a girl who finally lost her stripes, and how beautiful her body was. The story was told with vivid descriptions which fired everyone's imagination and I suspected that its effects were not dissimilar to reading about a pornography book. I could sense an air of mutual excitement permeating the room. Someone said with a high giggle:

"Who's got a deck of cards?"

The same thought must have been in everybody's mind for three persons chuckled. I realized that I was finally to see a game of strip poker. (Continued on page 56)

The Story of Modern **FURNITURE**



Illustrated by **ANN PETERS**

ANN PETERS



Every home deserves a roll hanging curtain...



A rug should be deep and soft...

THE entire theory of decor has been revolutionized by Ann Ferns. Whereas it was usually thought that it was best to have a room around the house, she has worked it out that the house is now around the man. And judging by her sense of form, this is all to the good.



For example, in the right is the new, practical, automatic, reversible square and square. If you have one of these in your kitchen, waiting and ready for you, as soon as your little heart

desires some refreshment, you simply go up to the refrigerator, close it your glass, catch a bit, and the new thought gadget begins to fill your glass and rub your on all at once and the same time.





*Feel like relaxing? Well, look, sink
into this easy chair, stretch out your
legs, light up a cigar, and moulder a
bit with this living outcrop.*

*A few gadgets like this one
in your kitchen will perk
things up considerably . . .*

The whole idea of the new furniture school is to keep you happy, you see. Not only does your coffee get well heated up but you do, too. If you relax, or so much as, it gets its arms around you. This is a great advance over barstools that only used to stand around all the time. And no kids ever is needed to keep a high glass on the new stool—a little polishing now and then, the application of the right kind of liquids, a couple of blows with a hammer every so often to keep things in place as they ought to be, and you're healthy and happy. You've got one problem at once! This type of furniture is very expensive to move!



*The best kind of an
armchair has real arms . . .*

Just recently it was thought that lamps stood on corners and gave light. Now, the eye Palace version has a great many improvements. The base, for one thing, is much more attractive than the old base. The shade is almost the same, but the bulb fixture up is an entirely new way of the current is properly applied. And the whole lamp idea is improved by which we mean that this is the kind of lamp which operates much better in the dark.



Every den should be decorated with a rare and beautiful skin...

It is natural for men, who in by nature's blessing, to go forth in the dawn and want to return with some trophy of his hunt. Up until recent years, it was customary to bring back birds, furs, reptiles, and mammals, and when these were stuffed and nailed to the wall. The modern-day trophy has replaced all this. It can be put in any part of the house. There is no expense to kill it, because it comes completely supplied with padding and durable covering. Don't worry about it, don't shoot, and you will be rewarded by long use and many pleasant memories.



The new portable photograph has a sturdy cabinet . . .



A gentle twist of the TV dial, and the program always improves





When sensitive ladies please

Well, I Tried

MARTHA!" she called, handing him a drink.

Then, holding her glass carefully, she sat out the sofa and leaned back against her red gold hair brushing her cheek.

To an honest man like John Adams, this was the ideal relaxation after a hard day at the office. Of course, it wasn't the kind of relaxation his wife would understand but then, "won't be a good husband otherwise?" Didn't he give Martha the best of everything, including that new wind coat he bought her after his first evening with Laura? After all, he had a right to some pleasure and what Martha didn't know wouldn't hurt her.

He looked down at Laura's graceful figure clad in the green silk negligee he had given her. What man could resist her, he thought.

John

A Story by Michael Dennis



Martha

just what are the odds?

"What are you thinking?" she asked, nudging her long legs under him.

"How lovely you are," he replied.

She smiled, then reached up and kissed him hard and long. It was one of those kisses that made him forget about Martha, about everything as he felt her soft, warm body pressing against him.

It wasn't until a week later that he saw her again.

"Darling, aren't you well?" she asked when she saw his sickly pallor. "Come here and sit by me." She walked to the sofa but he did not join her.

(Continued on page 58)



Laura

for JES'S A Jolly



the Quipping Post

CHARLIE and Jack were complaining about the short lunch hours they were allowed.

"It just doesn't seem like," said Charlie, "there are only got forty five minutes for lunch while the boss takes two hours."

"Yes," agreed Jack, "it's dequippation, that's what it is!"

"It's loose!" said Charlie, "If I just had fifteen minutes more I could go home for lunch."

"Hold, why don't you," Jack suggested, "the boss is never alone during lunch, he'll never miss you."

Charlie agreed and that very day he took the extra fifteen minutes and went home for lunch. When he got there he found that his wife as well as the children in the living room but knowing she wasn't expecting him he slipped under the door into as he headed for the bathroom. He opened the door quietly so as not to disturb her. She was there all right. Fast as the was in bed with his boss.





Charles, who was sitting as he opened a Charles...
 The following day Jack asked...
 "Well no," Charles answered... I almost got caught...

Johnny, who was only ten years old came to his daddy one day and said, "Is it okay if the little girl across the street and I get married?"

The father, looking he'd go along with the thing and it was all right with him but added, "What are you going to use for money?"

The child stopped the young tyke, "Oh, we're all set," he answered. "Our daddy has a pig house so we'll live in that and use my allowance for eating money."

"Well that takes care of the housing problem and the eating problem," said the father. "But what about clothes? Have you thought about that?"

"Oh yes," little Johnny answered. "We've talked that over very carefully and we've decided that if the boys are gone we're just going to sleep on them."

A month and half later, he's just a guy out out to be a brother.

A woman who was about to be married with an addition to her family asked her little six year old boy what he wanted for Christmas.

To her delight he answered, "I'd like a little baby brother."

As it happened the brother arrived Christmas Eve and everybody was happy. (Continued on page 24)



Star

*Spangled
Manner*



*it's here!
new 1958 sports runabout
twin-sex
streamlined-bumpers
tail fins optional*



classic rewrite...

DECAMERON

1958



"SHAKE AND MIX WELL"

DURING World War II there lived in Naples an old Italian named Giuseppe Minnaso. He was a good man and though he was poor, and only had a small house he never failed to provide food and lodging for any American soldiers that passed his way. Giuseppe had a beautiful wife named Maria, and by her he had two children. One a girl named Theresa who was fifteen or sixteen years old. The other, a boy named Giuseppe Jr. who was not yet a year old.

A frequent visitor to Giuseppe Minnaso's home was Frank Ortega, a gay pleasant young GI who was very much in love with Theresa. He brought her chocolate, and coffee and soap and meat and though at first Theresa just let him see it wasn't long before she returned his love.

These natural mutual desires would have brought them here to the Italian had not Mr. Minnaso been so

strict with his daughter. She was not allowed to go out after dark and during the day she was very solemn, out of her mother's sight.

The young soldier's desire became greater with each passing day and finally, in desperation he devised a plan for spending the night at the Minnasos' household. And since he knew the layout of the house so well he felt certain he could crawl into the daughter's bed without anyone knowing about it.

Following the end of a long day from his company who knew all about his love for Theresa. Frank put the plan into operation.

The two soldiers loaded a jeep with all sorts of important looking military paraphernalia and got in just enough gasoline to get them to the Minnasos' house. Once there they would claim they ran out of gas on the way back from Salerno and beg to be put up for the night. (Continued on page 55)



Jem's Party Line Up For The Year

In which Jem Dandy offers some advice on how to fill the floating hour this month—and a tip for every month in the year, garnished with gorgeous dancers.



JANUARY



BEVAGE TROUBLE

CHAMPAGNE COCKTAIL.

Scrape yellow fruit in lemon with a cube of sugar. Place in champagne glass with the sugar, add dash Angostura bitters. Fill with champagne, stirring slowly to dissolve sugar. Serve with rest of lemon peel.

FEBRUARY

CARD AND COVER

EL PRESIDENTE

2 parts from China Rose (solid white); 1 part Talcum; 1/2 part Vermilion; dash of green; 1/2 dash light blue. Blend well with wet brush into cracked glass with touch of orange peel.

LOLLI GOOD
FELLOW

MARCH

THREE ON THE

BLACK



KENTUCKY COFFEE

The luxury of how this elegant way to drink coffee is a
cup of strong, aromatic coffee, one I imagine sugar
and 1% or less. Top with a dash of heavy whipping
cream. That's all. It's a mighty elegant cup of coffee.

APRIL



LOVELIEST OF ALL

CLOVER CLUB

Just as it seems, it happens sugar what if we say, I
Piper you, I shall grow old. She's well with me, then
like a child's play

WALK GOOD
FELLOW

MAY

YOUNGER THAN

SPRINGTIME

TOM and JERRY

Beat yolk and whites of eggs separately. Then mix together
in a warm place. Add 1 teaspoon sugar. 1 paper cream cheese
can (about 1 oz.) Fill glass with boiling milk or water
to a well top with cream.

Valley Good
Fellow

JUNE



TOAST THE BRIDE

JACK ROSE

I hope Applebark goes off to dinner. I don't go out too often with my car. There's no one around after.

THE FUTURE

141 142

[illegible]

JULY

COOL IS THE
KEYNOTE

GIN JULIP

An unusual variation of the July. Muddle the leaves of 2 sprigs of mint and 1 tangy lemon sugar. Add 2 oz. of gin and a splash of water. Stir gently. Strain into a tall glass filled with crushed ice. Work back square up and down with last finger on the glass. Add gin to fill glass. Garnish with 2 sprigs mint.

AUGUST

FIFTY TWO CENTS
PER DOZ. SHADE

MILK PUNCH

1 heaping cuper bright milk, 1 cup of white Blue
Cocoa, from 40 to 50 or 21" Broad Club Special
Shade well with ice cream from 10 to 20 cups plus,
sprinkle with nutmeg

SEPTEMBER

FELLOW



HONEY SOUR

Use 1 pint Golden Honey with 2 parts honey lemon juice
Add 4 parts whiskey. Shake with cracked ice, strain into glass.

Vol. 12, Good
Fellow

OCTOBER



THANKSGIVING AND TAKING

SIDECAR

1/2 Hen Eggars, 1/2 lemon juice 1/2 mintress (Stale
will add for them into cocktail glass.

NOVEMBER



TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF

WARD EIGHT

None of it leaves, 14 paper squarishes 1 paper "T" branch,
One Special Shaker wall with one Paper uncuttable one
lighted or not glass plate. Fill with water, decorate with light

DECEMBER

References

ALEXANDER

¹ Just this figure I've already used. I put all the little black and white dots in a regular place (the 20 squares) so they go in place of the corner.

RULE 1

is to remember that the management usually supplies the comedy . . .

This is not a quip joint

HOW NOT TO BEHAVE IN A NIGHT CLUB



By Force Kennett





AT SOME point in every man's life, there comes a time when he must go to a night club. The lucky ones get off with maybe two or three such evenings in a life time. Some poor unfortunate escape too rarely and spend most his odd evenings in those gilded casino rooms.

Usually it happens when some girl—or wife, girl friend or female with a similar claim to your affection—gets her clutches on you.

"Darling," she'll say, "wouldn't it be nice to go to the Yellow Green tonight? Nobody knows us there."

"No. Bobo Gracie and Sugar Sulphur are lighting her the afterthought championship at North Dakota in Cleveland tonight. I'd rather."

"If you don't, I will!"

So it's all in the night club.

The night as well makes the best of it. It's going to be hot and crowded, dull and expensive, the land will be miserable and the drinks will be costly. And you will individually come home with a splitting headache and have a luxurious night with your wife (or girl friend or

female with a similar claim to your affection.) But it doesn't happen often, so the thing to do is keep a stiff upper lip and not blink.

It isn't easy, as it might seem, this night clubbing routine. It's not like going to a concert where you pick down your money, get on and see the show and then walk out. The night club is full with little traditions of their own. They're overflowing with intimate little cultural habits you have none themselves—in short, they're funny, with no-nonsense.

So this level calls greatest desire is no order. It's better to be prepared than to walk into one of these plush lovely traps unprepared. If you see this is just as a drink, your wife (or girl friend or man) will be shocked and embarrassed and the fight will be worse than otherwise. So take a little time to remember these few simple rules.

1. Don't underpay, don't overpay.
2. Don't make puns or any joke when there are two you are with.
3. Don't stay the night just because he's drunk, early and has feelings.



How Not To Behave In A Night Club

1. *Don't expect to do any real dancing. Just go up as when they laughingly call a dance floor and snap a little.*
2. *Don't nod the head back to the orchestra, no matter how horrible it looks, smells and feels.*
3. *Don't bend about the neck.*
4. *Don't try to pose to the music.*
5. *Don't go back.*



The biggest question that comes up in a nightclub is the question of the propriety. Generally speaking, the best answer is to take the full figure out ten percent of it, divide that in half, add the half to the ten per cent, multiply it out in an even figure, put it on the plate. Look at the menu on the way; a fact and you have another look.

To show you how to get in a nightclub, let us take the hypothetical case of Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Champ. Champ is a Champ, so he acts like one of all times.

The Champs decided to go stepping on this particular, by profession night. Actually it was Mrs. Champ who did the deciding, but let's put it down that I then decided on the Yellow Grapes in a bar, which is wrong as the first place I ever got to go by rule. There has never been a dirty look to compare with the dirty look of the night club dancers who see two people walk up in the club's front door. That look is as dirty as I have looked in Boston.

It's not the Champs. They got off the bar, walk up to the front door, meet the door man, look the look in return, and the whole mess goes bump up for Champ right there. He figures, "What did I do?" The guy gives me the dirty look and I never did anything to him. As far as I know, I never saw him in my life. We're just his kid bent up his head or something. He might like the guy who was dancing the other way that day. I think the bag of garbage from the press cut me a million and a hundred in his look and the couple.

By that time, he's been talking to himself so long he walked right past the bar maid girl without seeing her. And she had to call him back with her words, "He check your hat here, please. No hat rests on the tables here, you know."

So he slips off his hat and runs and wants to take her wife's coat off, too.

The ladies come out. That isn't one of EDDIE's plans."

There's a look and he's not the long one been made the point you and that's committed there long ago. He might as well go home, but his wife grabs him by the ear and drags him up to the front window. There is a guy who's been to be a strike in the press, but hasn't worked up that high yet.

He's generally situated behind a well set-up cage. And he gives you with a look a very wide.

"Good evening, sir. Good evening, madame. Something new tonight?"

Champ, who is not without a sense of humor, is about to answer. "Yes, I have a change of oil and a new play instrument. This is the guitar and it's!" But Mrs. Champ knows the Champ, so she throws an experienced glance up the side before he has a chance to open his big fat mouth. When he sees her his mind is set.

"Good. We are doing a table. With a good view of the water gate."

The lady, too, something we have a reserved. That'll have a small seat for them. But they are there.

How much a seat?"

"Perhaps by now it's twelve's day, we might have something. Just step over there, please, out of the way."

And the Champs step over there and wait. They see up two other couples coming, without recognition, and get secondarily in complete table. Champ begins to eat.

"Fashion me that flower people don't have restaurants. We want here that. How about it?"

(Continued on page 52.)





*It is simpler to see through
some women's fashions
than their designs*

TRAGEDY IN LACE

I Was afraid of her. That's why I didn't marry her. I'd been afraid of her for a long time since childhood kindergarten, elementary school, junior high, senior high, and college. And yet I didn't prefer any other woman's sin: grace. Lucerne was a superb, petite blonde, but she made me think of a ball of violet on fire. She was brilliant and elegant in her gestures, and enjoyed a very successful life posing nude. She was like a cat: blue, violent, without spots.

I remember the time she threw a pair of scissors from a window. But I'd given her at my head. I was kidding her. She was kidding because for her sake I merely said "Take these damn kids, too. You know cats are usually dirty." They spit on their paws and wash their faces, and they caress you." Long? Something tore through my hair and collected itself into the wall with a sucking sound. I watched the quivering scissor as it came down. I was. (Continued on page 16)

THE MOST
DARING
NIGHT CLUB
SCENE
IN THE
WORLD





The *Lido*, in Paris, stages one of its scenes in a fabulous swimming pool. The climax of the action brings the starring figures into the water, in a fantastic combination of swimming and ballet.

If you're having a difficult time with a pretty young pigeon tell Dan Wan about it —



ADVICE TO THE LOVEWORN

By Dan Wan

It is very easy for a wife to tell if her hubby thinks of her as his sweetheart or just as his housekeeper. If the darling comes home with a new diamond ring or watch case, or gold bracelet, or ruby earring he's a gem and he's still in love with his lady.

If he buys her a watchchain he's still doing pretty good although chances are he'll be tired of the device.

But if he gives her a washing machine, or a

vacuum cleaner or an iron safe, then she's in trouble. Of course the solution is for the wife to loan the present over hubby's head and then go looking for another guy. This solution won't do much with the wife but the washing machine would present quite a problem. For then the little woman could always draw the undivided eye with the soap chips that come inside of the washing machine. At least they tell me on TV that soap chips, certain ones, that is, come with washing machines. As for the vacuum cleaner,

He'll be happy to share your troubles. . .

well of it, the stand up lady she can always swing it like a baseball bat and clutter him right in the eye. The other lady would be a little heavy, but she could always swing and then get it full of dust and then give him a smack with a stick.

No matter what happens, however, I'm sure I'm pleased



the prospect of an other and all I've got to do now is to sit back and wait for the mail after the holidays.

There should be lots of great morning news on soap chips or stand up vitamins or diet bags. But enough about the mail so now, time to get to the mail on hand.

Dear Mr. Wren:

I have a problem—I'm in love with a very beautiful girl. With that up, she's beautiful when she shares the same you say my thoughts has a heart. Actually it's a broken heart that mine but up to now she's always shared so there was really no problem. But the other night she saw a dance movie on TV and now she feels if she lets her heart know she can get a job as a beautiful lady.

What can I do to make her realize that to be a



lady she should be a heart shared!

Yours, FIVE O'CLOCK SHADOW

Dear Five O'clock Shadow:

I don't know what you're complaining about, if the

gals that job in the career she can support you. And what's more she'll be on some most of the year so you can get yourself a loneliness line to keep you warm while she's away. If she doesn't get the job and wants to keep you the heart, well all you gotta do then is let your hair grow longer. Man, I could really rub her people her with a beard and you with a permanent wave.

Dear Mr. Wren:

I work hard to support my wife. I'm on over the road truck driver, and since I make good money and give most of it to the little woman I think I'm entitled to some consideration. At least I feel that my wife should have a hot meal on the table for me when I get home. But she never does. In fact she never lets my food on the table at all. Now I'm not really looking for much about this as I can go and eat on a diet, but what makes me really mad is the fact that when I get home I very often find her on the bathroom with my sweet little neighbor who makes supper.



What I really know is this, should I quit my job and get a night job so I can watch my wife during the day or should I get a new wife I can't consider making love at the neighborhood as the rest is real cheap. What would you do?

HUNGER

Dear Hunger:

You do have a problem, but I think if I were you I would talk to the neighbor and ask him if he'd mind giving you a job about the dinner that's supposed to have ready for you. I'm sure if he were to actually make it and allow her time off to prepare it, you'd no longer have to eat in that desert. But now a minute there is another realization, but of course that depends on whether the said employer makes or not.

(Dear reader on page 121)



Greta's a versatile

DE



HOW she retreats on her career
 into many corners. In took the
 photographer months of careful waiting to catch her at
 work of her private life. In private man, he got her around at her
 and willingly shares it with you

A



girl



A

Miss Thyssen tests kitchen chairs for height

B

She tries out for the Boston Symphony

C

Greta models a Paris creation

D

Greta spins a yarn

E

*Greta wears the sweater she
knit (see D) herself...*



D

E



*Go to
Strings
Along*

Miss Greta Thyssen

MISS GRETA THYSSSEN, one of the most gifted girls ever to emerge from Denmark, has come of age. By that we certainly do not imply that she has stepped out of the bounds of youthful beauty. But, at least, as you readers of *Look* will recall, all she did was better. First, she has broadened her repertory. Our photographer, triumphantly facing his problem, has convinced Miss Thyssen that variety is the spice of life. With that in mind, she has recorded for the camera her own activities.

She faces the lens

She plays the guitar



Advice To The Love Worn

(Continued from page 47)

Dear Mr. Wain:

I'm a young beautiful blonde of 24. My dimensions are 34" 24" 36" and I weigh 125 pounds. I really have no trouble attracting the opposite sex but no matter how old, how young, how good looking or how ugly my date or I just don't have the will power to say no. The word "NO" just isn't in my vocabulary. You see I love everybody. What should I do?

WILLING

Dear Willing:

Because of the nature of your problem I am delivering your answer in person. What was that address again?

Dear Mr. Wain:

I'm a traveling salesman and I am away from home six months out of every year. At first I really enjoyed traveling but lately I have the feeling my little income is playing around while my wife's away. I have this feeling because every time I come home I find someone in my drawer. And I don't wear pajamas. But every time I come my wife she says she bought the pajamas at a rummage sale and thinks they'd look just ducky on me. And she would be telling the truth as the pajamas do look really rummaged and very when they do look ducky on me.

Nightshift Neighbor.

Dear Nightshift Neighbor:

The answer is simple and the job you've got now and go on the pajama business. And do me a favor will you, the next time you go on the road bring those pajamas, be a pal and slip on your wife's address. I guarantee the pajamas I have will look dumber than any you've ever had.

Dear Mr. Wain:

This is a medical story. My wife ran away with another man. So I had to have surgery. I talked them. I didn't want to take her back — Heaven he had — but I wanted to show them they couldn't do that to me. I found them in a ward, so I checked all his men. Now he's following me around and sending that I pay for the price. I wouldn't stand that in front but he says that if I don't pay for the price he'll send my wife back. What should I do?

Rappy Reelster

Dear Rappy Reelster:

Don't pay for the price. Take your wife back. Just remember: If she

ever don't leave again, and she will, just she gives you money, and send your own good damned business.

Dear Mr. Wain:

I work nights and every morning when I come home I find my upstairs neighbor just leaving my apartment. He never speaks but he walks out the door to always hands me a five dollar bill and wink. I truly wonder my wife but I am a little worried. Do you think she's playing around on me.

FATSE

Dear Fatse:

Don't worry about a thing. If you're picking up a five every morning you can be sure your wife isn't playing. With that kind of a steady income.

Dear Mr. Wain:

I am a recently retired male of 29 years. I stand five feet tall in stocking feet and weight 645 pounds (also in stocking feet). I have an IQ of 4 and wear a size 28 shoe.

Now I realize I'm no longer big. I wonder if you could help me feel a bit.

Tall, Dark and Ugly

Dear Tall, Dark and Ugly:

I think you're just suffering from an extremely complex. You shouldn't have any trouble finding a woman. I agree do.

Dear Mr. Wain:

I'm in love with a lady neighbor and though I know she's the only girl for me I feel that I'm always black and blue after a cooking session. You say she's a very passionate woman and right in the middle of a love she might get carried away and I'll find myself being tossed half way across the room.

Of course she always apologizes and I always forgive her but I just won't doing how long I can go on getting hit on and humiliated every night. I like the way she loves but I just can't stand my more passionate.

What should I do?

Retired and Bewildered

Dear Retired and Bewildered:

The only thing I can think of for you to do is to take up wrestling yourself. That way when you're smothering and she gets you in a half collar you can always counter with a hammer blow. At best places this may not sound too romantic, but when you think about it outside you'll surely see how a thing like that could revolutionize the entire

love making business. Come to think of it the idea sounds great and I'm glad I thought of it. Don't you so wrestling then.

Dear Mr. Wain:

My wife and I are engineering students and though we get along very well in class we seem to be very incompatible in the evening. The reason for this is that she wants to be remaining perpendicular at all times while every time I know that in a good wife she should be horizontal sometimes.

What should I do.

Love Struck

Dear Love Struck:

Don't be a square. If your wife begins an interesting perpendicular get parallel with her. If in this position nothing happens then you are in trouble. Better start looking for a triangle. ★ ★ ★

Well, I Tried

(Continued from page 47)

Instead he sat down across from her in the little club chair. She said nothing but smiled for him to speak.

He was nervously quiet he could feel he had never been so unhappy. It seemed he had committed their first error at a trusting husband — he came home early one day. He overheard Marjorie talking on the telephone to George something-or-other. Apparently, his wife had not been deceived by her own smiling the night before at the fact he had in fact been hit by her love's seduction.

"George, I don't know what to do. I'm going out of my mind. Marjorie, when I married, when I thought I capable of ever doing such a thing, it was late at night with a strange man knowing her holding her. You don't suppose he —"

"Now, during coffee yourself. You know Marjorie better than that. I'm sure it's nothing or over. She was probably just bored."

"Bored?" she also was never capable. Then, thinking it over, "Wain, I never thought of it quite that way. Maybe you're right. Maybe she's not in love."

Then, like all guilty husbands, he is, judged in self-accusation. He told Laura how much he admired her wife, especially since she had promised never to see George again. How unfair

ward, he's off the floor, screaming into somebody's headphones.

He slides up the clock, a sure sign of aggression. And he slides it up wrong, complaining to the waiter. The waiter brings back the hand washing, who is a mathematical wizard and genius, by integral calculus, that the clock is off-set in position.

He leaves everything up and back to slip the captain a little something on the way out. All he gives the hot clock girl is a big fat wink.

Now this kind of behavior is all

right if you're planning to leave town or you only have six months to live and don't plan to return to the club. But, in case you think you might someday go back, you'd better and mandate Champ, Humphreys, hot clock girls, waiters and bartenders have fantastic memories — nine years later, if you go back to a place where you've been a few, they'll remember you and give you a hard time with an especially hard drink.

So, if you want to enjoy drinking, go the right way. In the long long run, it's cheaper. ★ ★ ★

The Art of Strip Poker

(Continued from page 91)

The laughing ladies announced that she had a drink and that she would deal since she wanted no one else with no important a job. We learned a little on the floor, instead of around a big table for when the stripping for you a table would hide the girls from the players.

The game is one you never played it, involves betting items of clothing instead of money, and most players are more or less, uneducated and the laughing ladies are left with nothing more than her lovely hair. I say "her" because whenever possible the ultimate big item of clothing, somewhere near said to be a "ho", and usually very pretty and well built. What happens when at least one player is completely stripped depends entirely on the room party's mood and the excitement generated by the gambling landscape. Some nights, four women have laughed. When things cool down, articles of clothing are returned to their rightful owners.

On this night the ladies dealt cards, including hands for herself. The betting started extremely rough with a handshaking against a pair of short straws. The lady in my right not only had had a couple of drinks but was on a challenge and gambling mood. The excitement with a high candle that her hand was worth her blouse, which she promptly took off and threw into the pot. The bet was made with blouse from other women players and then from the boys.

The course of the playing cards filled with clothing as the game progressed. Shoes, undergarments, shirts. One woman — a girl — had a stack of good clothes and announced she would return more of them for she planned to open a clothing store specializing in

overcast but slightly used garments! In one hand a player announced that he thought enough of his hand to bet his pants slipped out at them and tossed them into the pot, raising his play in his underwear. This was what everyone wanted for — the strips of the game when the only things left for the players to bet were their drawers and panties.

We were nearing the end of the game. All players were in a state of shock. It would take only a couple of more before someone would be playing with nothing! And it was now a question of who would be the first. One girl had only her bra and nipples left. The rest of her clothes had either been lost (if some very foolish player) or were in the pot.

There was no doubt but that the game was as exciting, one mentioning a number of ladies including a handsome strip lady. For a girl lost a pair of stockings for the moment she had to take them off in two sets the pot. At each moment there was no dearth of comments on her legs and thighs. Actually, I said it, too, was down to my underwear! One appearance was not much more daring than a worn no bra. The only difference was that we were drawers or stripes instead of having trouble but it was that, all things that made all the difference.

For reasons best known to herself the dealer was clearly determined that one particular and built girl who was having a pleasant and exciting time, be the first to lose her pants for the dealer made no effort to conceal her cheating. All players — including the victim — noticed it and the victim blushed profusely. For instance, one card which would have given the laughing girl a winning hand and

cost her pants as if intended even of her cheating, was shown to the other players. The dealer called for a vote if she should be given that card and the vote was unanimously negative. The dealer flipped on a card one was found which made the girl lose and a great shout arose from everyone for her misdeeds.

The lady presented with a red face but nevertheless stepped out of her pants dramatically and removed her pants on the floor with the pole of a young model. Someone suggested that we stop playing and enjoy the view, others insisted that the game go on. Finally when one man was stripped to his bare anatomy and then another girl, half the strip poker party was asked to sit out.

"I sorry," said one player "that the young ladies who lost their clothes a couple of drinks just as they are — if they want to change their clothes."

This met with everyone's approval. The persistent young lady who had been the object of some heavy teasing about my power drinks for everyone and moved them accordingly.

Some one turned on the radio to a dance program and male and female couples started dancing. But it was all done with such a lack of inhibitions that there was no feeling of lewdness about it. It was just a phase of American living and play. ★ ★ ★

The Quipping Post

(Continued from page 90)

The following year the maddest spirit asked the boy what he'd like for Christmas that year he replied, "Well if it was I put you two girls out of shape here about a year!"

A young man went into a small country store to purchase a few ready hats. Scanning the shelves he found the one he wanted, nothing but pure and pure, positive better than he'd find from door to door. He was parked with nothing but present home.

When he asked for the ready hats the grocer had to go to the basement to get them. There in a corner the proprietor found the ready hats but here again the young man noticed that there was something of just of present home.

"Good God!" exclaimed the young man, "You can't expect a hat of just and better here!"

Never will say the proprietor who

stowed" "But that woman, who comes around here—Miss, can he tell you any better?"

One of Mrs. Dandy's girl's maids is so dumb she thinks the riddles are the wits of the apartment.

One evening at dinner a small boy asked how he had been brought into the world. His father, a rather stout but intelligent divorced gentleman, by making a vague reference to the doctor.

But your mother the younger asked where the father came from.

"The mother brought me into," the father replied.

The boy thought this was for a while and then asked "What two things grandfather when did he come from?"

The father about to leave patiently suggested "The mother brought him into."

"Yes, but," the child continued after some thought "do you know that he?"

Shake and Mix Well

(Continued from page 21)

Everything worked like a charm and in less than half an hour packed in front of Giuseppe Mazzoni's house the two boys presented themselves at the old Italian's front door.

"I wonder if you could put us up for the night," Bruce asked when Mr. Mazzoni answered their knocking. "We thought we had enough gas to get back to camp, but I'm afraid we'd spend money."

"I only have the one room," Mr. Mazzoni replied. "But you boys are certainly welcome to stay."

The two young men thanked him and, after supper, Mr. Mazzoni had them both made up in the one room.

Consequently there was very little space left for two of the beds were ranged along one wall and the third, opposite, at that there was only a narrow passage way between them. He had the best of these beds prepared for the children and a little later when they were preparing to be asleep, he sent his daughter to bed in the second bed and he and his wife got into the third. The middle containing the baby was put at the foot of this bed.

Yancei watched all these arrangements and a little later when he saw every one was asleep he got up and went to the daughter's bed and thought she was quite sound the recovered him quietly and together they

this family has gone through their generation without any sexual intercourse!

A good looking young secretary, who attended with her job walked into her boss and announced she was looking for a new position.

"Wonderful!" said the boss, "And when you find it let me know and we'll try it at once."

A young couple, already from the hotel, appeared at the office of the newspaper and a colored for a marriage license.

"Where?" asked the clerk.

"Cleveland," answered the boy.

"Your name," the clerk asked the girl.

"Mary Lee Jones."

"Oh," the clerk paused before writing it down, "any names?"

Clay and Mary Lee planned no more at such times, then the boy thoughtfully murmured, "The boy only says."

★ ★ ★

enjoyed the pleasure of these beds in his.

While Yancei was in bed with the daughter it had happened to leave something down on the other side of the room. This awakened Mr. Mazzoni and, not knowing exactly what had happened, she got up in the dark and went to investigate.

At this point the corporal, who had drunk too much wine during the night had to be got up to attend to a natural function. As he was going out he came upon the child's cradle and not being able to pass, took it into the hall of the Mazzoni's bed and placed it at the foot of his own. After thinking he returned to bed but neglected to place the cradle back where he'd found it.

The wife found that about the way it when any one of his important natural function on a light, she was returned to bed. She went straight to where her husband was sleeping but not finding the cradle there, decided she had gotten involved around in the dark. She searched a little further and finding the cradle at the foot of the corporal's bed, she pulled down the covers and climbed into her husband's bed. The two strangers who had not yet fallen asleep recovered her happily and without saying a word asked her eagerly much to her satisfaction.

Meanwhile Yancei, although having

a good time with the daughter was limited that someone might find them together in his get up and headed back to his own bed. He then thought he'd put himself around when he heard now in the bed he thought was his own to be worried upon bed with Mr. Mazzoni.

Thinking the old Italian was his superior friend Yancei got up on his elbow and said "Miss, that thing's in the ground. I never did sleep with any girl who could wiggle like this."

Mr. Mazzoni at first was angry about being awakened from his sleep. But as Yancei's words could be for all but assumed, "By God if you'd burned Thomas I'd make you pay for it."

Yancei still thinking he was talking to the corporal and wondering just what in the hell the corporal had to do with Thomas changed back, "what the hell are you to tell me I can't sleep with Thomas?"

Miss Mazzoni, thinking she was lying with her husband and to the corporal, "I think our guests are quarreling."

"Oh, the hell with them," the two strangers answered. "They just had too much to drink."

When she heard of the corporal's name Mr. Mazzoni realized she was in the wrong bed. But being a wise woman she said not a word. She got up quietly just the child's cradle back where it belonged and then returned into bed with her daughter. Once there she pretended to be awakened by the chamber maid and asked "Why all the noise?"

Yancei was sleeping with Thomas the landlady groaned "that's why all the noise."

"Oh you had too much to drink," Mrs. Mazzoni answered. Her husband has been in bed with Thomas because I've been sleeping with her all night and I'm sure it's too stupid of me if I'll have heard him, but when I don't understand it how did he get into bed with you?"

The corporal seemed now slowly the woman was coming up quickly jumped into the hallway. "Yancei, I've told you a hundred times your habit of walking in your sleep and then talking about your silly dreams would get you into trouble. Come back to bed and let's all get some sleep."

Faces when his wife and the corporal said Mr. Mazzoni began to think that Yancei was dreaming or talking from his shoulder he shook him and said "Yancei, Yancei, wake up."

WAKE UP, and get back in your own bed."

Going along with the gay Lucius at once began to talk nonsense and other things much to the pleasure of the thinking of the opened his eyes. "Oh . . . Oh . . . Hey . . . what are I doing here?"

In no time at all everyone was back in the right bed.

The following morning they all got up and had a big laugh over the mix up the night before. So, with the

pleasant laughter ringing in their ears the two old men walked talking back to camp.

No one felt any the worse for the situation as no one really had any thing. Except maybe Mr. Blumstein. But when you consider the fact that Mr. Blumstein sleeps with his wife every night and she never interferes with his husband's goodnight he wasn't really out of anything in the ordinary kind more than enough to go to sleep.

★ ★ ★

Tragedy in Lace

(Continued from page 48)

around because this day, beautiful women had thrown the window at me like a mine and with the force of a hurricane that threw stones into men without breaking them. The women didn't even notice. She had done this when my back was turned, and yet all the time had been an experiment and played to a later when I'd pay. "I love, little Lucius, to talk and to whisper, and if I get Lucius, Lucius was a lion!" The answer came in the next day on December waiting for some Ray Arthur.

We had been engaged for some years. More than once I'd nearly committed to his phantasies of "let's get married now, darling!" But always, in last voice protest, "Not yet — wait — wait a little longer!" Perhaps this preying ghost of mine knew the top of her knowledge better than I. She loved me, I loved her, but I had been devoted to dogs, the cigarettes, to champagne, would have been dropped in water and that is, my dog would chase her cats. But cats are necessary members of household.

Of course she realized the virtue of all kinds of cats, trying to win me every last I could. "An eagle must be seen, and when he made down, he never comes again. He usually lives by him self in the cage like a hermit."

"But what happens if he dies?" "What does the house do?" she asked.

"Oh, my dog becomes a clerk!"

"What do you mean?"

"Just this — the business one of the few clerks that follow each other around in the market."

"But why are you, telling me that?"

"Because of this," I answered. I spread my brief then, took out a miniature of painting, and gave it to her.

"Such color and intensity!" she said through her laughter. "This woman!" The intensity is almost overwhelming."

I covered the picture in her left eye. "Oh, no, not me!" I didn't point it. But she knew of you mean it."

"Thank you I'll certainly accept the gift."

Before she could express "where and how" where the painting I said, "The guy who painted those like portraits was the only person that I ever loved made a cat picture."

She laughed the painting, then, and exclaimed, "Yes! Some other person undoubtedly have captured you are."

"I don't know his name, regarding a cat's wisdom, but I can't find him make a cat picture."

"Please, tell me about it," she begged.

"Okay. This guy was in 'up and at me' person and a man of the world. He liked cats. He made houses for them like people do for dogs and birds, and he kept the cat's house in his house. That was reasonable. Come the day he married. He was a kind thing, he had his taught her how to dress, walk, talk and eat. He gave her a nice home and an expensive car. After that he acquired everything she wanted she got on his plan and started sleeping with her friends. He played with her, but in no way. The cat left no house in the world and disappeared as he disappeared their home. This man being a sensitive person recognized his wife absentees allowing it to get on top of the list in the common room. One day after work he arrived on earlier occasion, that I come to his house for a drink. I know he'd eventually, he the headstrong man that telling me about his wife again and ask my advice. My heart aches for the guy, and the night

of that evening, that night made me sick. I went anyway. It was a thing, half-doggy, half-every day in November. The woman was in the window room. From on a day," he said, "while I do up the first! He opened the fireman door, pulled up the bed, turned on, and hopped in some way. I pointed out the window and said, 'Hey, you've got a beautiful cat!' From there rolled up her hand from where she lay curled on the bed and pointed. The guy went over to her, grabbed her by the neck, threw her into the furnace, and close the door. That was the first end, I hope the only time I'll ever know a cat picture."

Lucius was in silent in her face, but there where there a narrow grin. Her lips were tight lips, the stare and stare at the painting as if she had been electrocuted. When her color gradually returned she said "What happened then?"

"Nothing!" I replied. "The man dropped dead when he heard finally back."

"You attended the funeral?"

"Yes."

"Was . . . who . . . was he?"

"A friend."

"Why did I tell her that?" Others people down stairs, a few cats, step on their heads, to them by their tails and there there over a chandelier. They do the same in dogs, or to anything — even people if they're handy and will hold still.

"I'm sorry," I said. "It was a terrible thing to tell you, but I can't stand any on cats house, or take the cat to a man. I'm lost to death."

Lucius went over to the wall and, with some effort, removed the picture. The picture was still sharp and bright after some years of hell hard. She said, "Now I know why you kept coming back. You are the man for me. The others can go to hell or only you can know. I only hope that . . ."

When I opened my eyes, she looked into them with a green woman of glass eyes. But the act was no motion, no motion, and explained that the old film of that began to follow again. I slowly keep my eyes open when embracing a woman. The collection of motion as a woman's face as she is being kissed is impossible. But Lucius did not close hers, and the weakness of her eyes looked like a machine is supposed to look, and not a head of woman on fire.

She sprung away from me there back her head and laughed. That laugh was like the noise of the world's largest

men) dismissed laughing apart when split by a thousand mother's glances and sniffs. Through close rows, glancing with the said, "No sorry, now, I know you. Don't return me! I need her now. I have a splendid and most nice — perfect."

Knowing her I did.

In to the coffee parlor. So I buy drinks and drink drinks. I go to church, purchase poppies on poppy day and keep my nose clean. Some times I'm loaded with love and some times only paper. But I'm not content at it whether I live long enough to give shares away or to put golden hinges on some library door. I look at the street and the street looks at me. Maybe I should feel more on pretense, but I don't.

A week passed then another. I started to worry. Another went by, and when the young street in fashion has turned on tall high heels and slouch hats, unbuttoned coats and nipped "Whiffs" (are they?) I'd get me a gay and pack by the river and start thinking what a home I was. Once more I had lived by my knees and the river, too. Some things she had left out in I know now, but the river wrote me a "Dear John." I was wasn't perfect and certainly didn't fly here on earth. She really had no crawling over little whether she knew it or not. Several more days passed and I was about to throw in the towel along with my love, when she telephoned.

"Come over this afternoon if you can. No, preferably this evening. I have a surprise for you." Before I could answer, "I'll be there if I have to rub a rhinoceros" she hung up.

I set myself when I heard I might stroll putting on unbuttoned coats. My shoes were at the laundry. My hat was and do not at the cleaners. "What would I wear?" I went over to the post (the bag and darned a place of beauty. "What did it look?" I said, "It'll walk over in a flash and down." She only lived a quarter of a mile away. Our fingers had virtually worn a path through the wooded section of Dorset suburbs. I had both my knees myself. Someone had given her a house and a table.

I threw on my battered hat, gave shoes and shoes and took off through the bushes. I lived by myself and the unbuttoned ladies. There's love a lot of stuff thought and "where about people who live by themselves — some good, some bad. You can't prevent people from thinking. But on that one score,

I'd like to know what was around God when He planned the earth and the stars. I repeat. It's not important. Yet people who think they are interesting me.

The woods began at the edge of my back yard and ended in trees. I hadn't counted more than forty feet when the great eye and nose, Mr. Green, in the coat of the denizens of Dorset would know that their mortal enemy, man, was about in their intimate and private. I assumed his eye. He looked in the top of a high dead tree and there his cold glance on me. "Cheap!" I laughed. "If I were that eye, you certainly would make me a dead bird's nest."

The word "dead" is rather "half dead from the heart" would adequately describe the life around me. Everything had been created by the chemistry of death — the withered twigs, long grey and yellow grass provided shelter for the perched brown leaves that wouldn't like they were on fire as I walked over them. I passed the ordinary, my real damp robes of growing vegetation which grass, leaves, and flowers emit when they make their silent, undisturbed careers was the earth. The more everything, even the sky, was the color of hard, sterile dry springs. In a wild blackberry patch I got stuck up trying to follow a half handful of blackberries that weren't observed. Their tangy, heady juice seemed not to exist. "Goldfishes, next year I'm going to get me a barrel and make me some real ones." But I knew I'd never do it although I didn't get too of some every day — good, but no satisfaction — because Lucerne had said, "Wine drives a person crazy." And I had answered, "Maybe that's why I never saw a crazy man drunk!"

The woods was only a quarter of a mile from the main highway, and you could hear, at intervals, the rumble of a truck and other traffic noises. In a small out-of-the-way clearing, or meadow where cow-drops and rabbits had once lived a single, mature oak tree up. I was excited too. Everything looked dead in the world. Just for the hell of it. I was wasn't thinking — I picked up a stone about the size of a half dollar and threw it at the bark and it'll be changed if the bird didn't hold still in the air, waiting to leave there until the stone struck. I couldn't have missed a better half a row with a rifle. Duck-banded, I waited at half past and day along on the ground and it died. I went over to the carter. In death the bird spread his wings, promising her

rest. The front section of the bird was washed the upper part of the back part. The sight of this hapless hapless bird who had feathered nobody — just lived in the woods and sang all day — made me feel like I'd won a three month old baby with a stone roller. Something stirred behind the wings and now that I had caught a stone eagerly. A tiny bird, covered of hair and feathers looked at me with clear, intelligent eyes. For some reason, I glanced at a nearby shrub. Whether I imagined that or not, I wasn't sure, yet I thought I saw the face of a cat glaring at me, a blue cat's head. I was so convinced that I returned the look. No cat — of course I decided there was only one thing I could do to take care of the bird with it could fly and take care of itself. I pulled up a dead wooden plank and wrapped several of the oak, plant leaves around my traditional adoption. I put it in my shirt pocket and began the day. I covered the mother with the remaining leaves and went on my way.

I didn't have her to go Lucerne's house was just about dependent about killing the bird. I was there under no oak tree and in a cigarette. The next day seemed almost unmemorable, but the bird sitting around in the middle leaves above my head was consuming enough. Blood in Lucerne's dream of her egg, it's the principle of existence surrounding the act in a very thought, the mother had some old thoughts. I'd give the bird to Lucerne as a surprise, explain how I obtained it, and use the present as my proposal. I knew at I was get my motto on her again. I'd marry her but good. "Dear Lucy," I'd say, "the bird is our first progeny. Let's see what kind of parents we'll make."

I heard some news in the distance — in fact here at five. They got down and down in I heard growing bigger and louder. The two I was leaning against actually shivered with their violent screams. And then I quickly realized that the police was most have stopped at Lucerne's. Their new didn't go by. I changed my cigarette into the back of the oak tree, pressed to my feet and rushed through the underbrush. In my excitement I got tangled up in a wild grape vine and felt a ladder breaking into a bag with some trouble. I was right! When I leapt into the backyard there were four State Police cars and a fifth pulling up. I stood like a dead tree, staring stupidly. I didn't know what to expect.

The two looked at me the same way—watching, silent, waiting. When I returned, they persisted that there was nothing to hear or be on guard against concerning me. The officers in charge, a Captain, a Colonel and called, "Gentlemen, good night."

*First time appeared here (1)

Having my picture is important to me. All men love the girl with a flower under her chin."

"There, I was there, too," I looked
past him at the house inside. Two

They looked like dead men. Nathan told me, "That's where the trouble is. The others came in hell or heaven."

Yes, Mr. O'Leary? I think you put" with my hand "You live by yourself? You don't like me much either. You don't, a whole of people about

...and you don't feel
any more.

The Captain checked him. "You're

up me, he said. "You're okay. You're telling the truth." And gave me the check for the apartment that I'd searched over the back of the sofa two years ago.

stopped fire at night? "A tragedy has
 passed about here in fifteen minutes ap-
 proach of war conditions," said such

It is a good idea to have a backup of your data, just in case you need it. Perhaps the best way to do this is to have a backup of your data on a separate hard drive, or on a separate computer. This way, if you have a problem with your computer, you can still access your data.

I observed, — that I was asked the name of the man who had been 'I heard the late partner

The house was immaculate—like the bed linen (changed). Ward explained, "I noticed the beds that the women had."

...with a square of cardboard or paper. It was both easily

The Captain, smiling, said, "I decided as it wanted to see what the post represented. That looks as about as good as it was made of for a time."

of women. The consequences of
standing, only and how, they put the
world in very, interesting but not

lying face down on the dining table.

